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and the dying lady struck up a pathetic sick-room quartette, I could hardly stand it any longer, and the groaning amateur near me was mopping his eyes hard and fast. Blissful night indeed? Down came the heavy folds of the green curtain, and I came back to prosy life again.

Sadly and slowly I rose to go, stumbling in the dark over the steps and benches. Sadly and slowly I saw the groaning amateur rise to go also. He stumbled and groped over benches, and I felt drawn to him by a sort of sympathy. We had been both affected; we had been both touched by the same chords. He seemed an old man, and I was glad to observe that one so old was not dead to generous impulses. An irresistible instinct prompted me, on a fresh and more helpless stumble on his part, to rush forward and offer my arm—a civility which he hastily declined. But I was determined not to be rebuffed, and could be useful, at least, with a cab, or something of the sort, so I followed him down the stairs into the full blaze. The full blaze revealed his back, in which I seemed to recognise a familiar outline.

I hurried down the steps to get a good look at his face; but as I looked, he turned his head sharply away. I waited till he passed; we were both well under the glare of a lamp, and then I saw who it was. Alas! was *this* the way of going to hear the divine utterances of the Rev. Wilkins Hubbard?

Need I say what that night resulted in—a complete and entire reconciliation—not only in a reconciliation, but in a reform. Invidiously I may mention that the Rev. Mr. McCorkup was routed, and there were two particular stalls in the Royal Italian Opera from which myself and my convert were rarely absent during the season.

GIOVANNI CIMABUE,

Born at Florence, 1240; died about 1302.

(Continued.)

It is clear that, before the birth of Cimabue, that is, from 1200 to 1240, there existed schools of painting in the Byzantine style, and under Greek teachers, at Sienna and at Pisa. The former city produced Guido da Sienna, whose Madonna and Child, with figures the size of life, signed and dated 1221, is preserved in the church of San Domenico, at Sienna. It is engraved in Rossini's "Storia della Pittura," on the same page with a Madonna by Cimabue, to which it appears superior in drawing, attitude, expression, and drapery. Pisa produced, about the same time, Giunta de Pisa, of whom there remain works with the date of 1236. One of these is a Crucifixion, engraved in Ottley's "Italian School of Design," and, on a smaller scale, in Rossini's "Storia della Pittura," in which the expression of grief in the hovering angels, who are wringing their hands and weeping, is very earnest and striking. But undoubtedly the greatest man of that time, he who gave the grand impulse to modern art, was the sculptor Nicola Pisano, whose works date from about 1220 to 1270. Further, it appears that even at Florence a native painter, a certain Maestro Bartolomeo, lived and was employed in 1236. Thus Cimabue can scarcely claim to be the "father of modern painting," even in his own city of Florence. We shall now proceed to the facts on which his traditional celebrity has been founded.

Giovanni of Florence, of the noble family of the Cimabue, called otherwise Gualtieri, was born in 1240. He was early sent by his parents to study grammar in the school of the convent of Santa Maria Novella, where (as is also related of other inborn painters), instead of conning his task, he distracted his teachers by drawing men, horses, buildings, on his school-books. Before printing was invented, this spoiling of school-books must have been rather a costly fancy, and

no doubt alarmed the professors of Greek and Latin. His parents, wisely yielding to the natural bent of his mind, allowed him to study painting under some Greek artists who had come to Florence to decorate the church of the convent in which he was a scholar. It seems doubtful whether Cimabue did study under the identical painters alluded to by Vasari, but that his masters and models were the Byzantine painters of the time seems to admit of no doubt whatever. The earliest of his works mentioned by Vasari still exist,—a St. Cecilia, painted for the altar of that saint, but now preserved in the church of San Stefano. He was soon afterwards employed by the monks of Vallombrosa, for whom he painted a Madonna with Angels on a gold ground, now preserved in the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Florence. He also painted a Crucifixion for the church of the Santa Croce, still to be seen there, and several pictures for the churches of Pisa, to the great contentment of the Pisans; and by these and other works his fame being spread far and near, he was called in the year 1265, when he was only twenty-five, to finish the frescoes in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, which had been begun by Greek painters, and continued by Giunta Pisano.

The decoration of this celebrated church is memorable in the history of painting. It is known that many of the best artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were employed there; but only fragments of the earliest pictures exist, and the authenticity of those ascribed to Cimabue had been disputed by a great authority. Lanzi, however, and Dr. Kugler agree in attributing to him the paintings on the roof of the nave, representing, in medallions, the figures of Christ, the Madonna, St. John the Baptist, St. Francis, and the four Evangelists. "The ornaments which surround these medallions are, however, more interesting than the medallions themselves. In the lower corners of the triangles are represented naked Genii, bearing tasteful vases on their heads; out of these grow rich foliage and flowers, on which hang other Genii, who pluck the fruit, or lurk in the cups of the flowers." If these are really by the hand of Cimabue, we must allow that here is a great step in advance of the formal monotony of his Greek models. He executed many other pictures in this famous church, "*con diligenza infinita*," from the Old and New Testaments, in which, judging from the fragments which remain, he showed a decided improvement in drawing, in dignity of attitude, and in the expression of life; but still the figures have only just so much of animation and significance as are absolutely necessary to render the story or action intelligible. There is no variety, no express imitation of nature. Being recalled by his affairs to Florence, about 1270, he painted there the most celebrated of all his works, the Madonna and Infant Christ, for the church of Santa Maria Novella. This Madonna, of a larger size than any which had been previously executed, and excited in its progress great curiosity and interest among his fellow citizens; for Cimabue refused to uncover it to public view. But it happened about that time that Charles of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., being on his way to take possession of the kingdom of Naples, passed through Florence, and was received and feasted by the nobles of that city; and, among other entertainments, they conducted him to visit the atelier of Cimabue, which was in a garden near the Porta San Piero. On this festive occasion the Madonna was uncovered, and the

people in joyous crowds hurried thither to look upon it, rending the air with exclamations of delight and astonishment, whence this quarter of the city obtained and has kept ever since the name of the Borgo Allegri. The Madonna, when finished, was carried in great pomp from the atelier of the painter to the church for which it was destined, accompanied by the magistrates of the city, by music, and by crowds of people, in solemn and festive procession. This well-known anecdote has lent a venerable charm to the picture, which is yet to be seen in the church of Santa Maria Novella; but it is difficult in this advanced state of art to sympathize in the naive enthusiasm it excited in the minds of a whole people six hundred years ago. Though not without a certain grandeur, the form is very stiff, with long, lean fingers and formal drapery, 'little varying from the Byzantine models; but the Infant Christ is better; the angels on either side have a certain elegance and dignity, and the coloring in its first freshness and delicacy had a charm hitherto unknown. After this, Cimabue became famous in all Italy. He had a school of painting at Florence, and many pupils; among them one who was destined to take the scepter from his hand, and fill all Italy with his fame,—and who, but for him, would have kept sheep in the Tuscan valleys all his life,—the glorious Giotto, of whom we are to speak presently. Cimabue, besides being a painter, was a worker in mosaic and an architect. He was employed, in conjunction with Arnolfo Lapi, in the building of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence. Finally, having lived for more than sixty years in great honor and renown, he died at Florence about the year 1302, while employed on the mosaics of the Duomo of Pisa, and was carried from his house, in the Via del Cocomero, to the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, where he was buried. The following epitaph was inscribed above his tomb:

"CREDIT UT CIMABOS PICTURE CASTRA TENERE;
SIC TENUIT VIVENS—NUNC TENET ASTRA POLI."*

Besides the undoubted works of Cimabue preserved in the churches of San Domenico, la Trinità, and Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and in the Academy of Arts in the same city, there are two Madonnas in the Gallery of the Louvre (Nos. 950, 951), recently brought there; one large as life, with angels, originally painted for the convent of St. Francis, at Pisa, the other of a smaller size. From these productions we may judge of the real merit of Cimabue. In his figures of the Virgin he adhered almost servilely to the Byzantine models. The faces are ugly and vapid, the features elongated, the extremities meagre, the general effect flat. But to his heads of prophets, patriarchs, and apostles, whether introduced into his great picture of the Madonna, or in other sacred subjects, he gave a certain grandeur of expression and largeness of form, or, as Lanzi expresses it, "*un non so che di forte e sublime*," in which he has not been greatly surpassed by succeeding painters; and this energy of expression—his chief and distinguishing excellence, and which gave him the superiority over Guido of Sienna and others who painted only Madonnas—was in harmony with his personal character. He is described to us as exceedingly haughty and disdainful, of a fiery temperament, proud of his high lineage, his skill in his art, and

* Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting; While living he was so—now he holds his place among the stars of heaven.

his various acquirements, for he was well studied in all the literature of his age. If a critic found fault with one of his works when in progress, or if he were himself dissatisfied with it, he would at once destroy it, whatever pains it might have cost him. From these traits of character, and the bent of his genius, which leaned to the grand and terrible rather than the gentle and graceful, he has subsequently been styled the Michael Angelo of his time. It is recorded of him by Vasari, that he painted a head of St. Francis *after nature*, a thing, he says, till then unknown. It could not have been a portrait from life, because St. Francis died in 1225; and the earliest head *after nature* which remains to us was painted by Giunta Pisano, about 1235. It was a portrait of Fra Elia, a monk of Assisi. Perhaps Vasari means that the San Francesco was the first representation of a sacred personage for which nature had been taken as a model.

[To be continued.]

ABOUT TOWN.

BY "JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

Two weeks ago, some verses appeared in this journal, asking a Lady to take some "buds and flowers." The following reply has been sent to the author:

BUDS AND FLOWERS.

A reply to "Oh! lady take these buds and flowers."

And if I take the buds and flowers,
And twine them in my nut brown hair,
It cannot stay the fleeing hours,
Which find them now so sweet and fair,
But see them on the morrow droops,
Although in every shining loop
Of nut brown hair thy gift I wind.
I would not have thee weave and bind
A crown of roses on my brow;
They wither fast as any vow
Of love and truth; and e'en the rose,
(More fair than any flower that blows,
Whene'er her red leaves glisten through
A shower of fragrant drops of dew,
Will pine the sooner in my hair,
Removed from all her sisters fair,
On hawthorne bush and violet bower.
Oh! leave uncultured each blooming flower,
And give me naught of wordly things,
Nor costly gems, nor glittering rings;
Bestow instead a wealth of truth,
And lengthen out the years of youth;
They fly so fast, and darkling age
Comes blurring o'er life's sparkling page,
And night lasts longer than the dawn.
Yet while I may I'll wander on,
—And list the sweet toned, feath'ry throng
That make the meadows ring with song,
And then upon the jess'mine bank
My voice I'll lift—my Maker thank
For life. Beside the glancing lake
Thy crown of buds and flowers I'll take,
And bind them in my nut brown hair,
And gaze upon my image there.
And even as the moments fly,
I cannot choose, but heave a sigh,
To think that they, sweet wreath, must die;
And all else, too, that's fresh and fair—
Thy buds—thy flowers—my nut brown hair.

One of the items in a letter received from London by the last steamer informs us that Miss Eliza Newton, the "Prince Perfect" and pet of the Olympic, has been offered engagements at three of the principal English theatres; but has refused accepting any—preferring to return to the land of her adoption. This charming and popular actress leaves, in the steamship Atlantic on the 3d of September, the port of Southampton for this great, gorgeous and fascinating city. So, get your bouquets ready, gentlemen!

A little scene occurred last night in a saloon in Broadway, that affected me strangely. I was thirsty and indulged in a little "cool lager." A blind man, led by a little girl, with the usual appendages of tin cup and dog, came down the steps; I dropped a few pennies into the cup, at which the girl mildly said, "Thankee, sir," and the dog—standing on his hind legs, and placing his fore paws on me—licked my hand! I looked surprised, when the little girl said, "He likes you, sir. He knows when anybody gives anything to father. He's such a good dog, sir;" and I thought of the line in Trowbridge's poem:

"What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!"

There are some queer letter-writers in this world. Here is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of one I picked up in Nassau street last week, which I herewith transcribe, leaving out, of course, the names. I think its pretty rich and racy.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6, '66.

DEARE ANNA: I cannot maik out why you doant rite, as their is no fear of anny body seeing it, and you say your Muther and Farther is gone out of Town, and I cood cum to the House, behind the back garden worl, or Thru the Bass-mint, with out anny won seeing me, wich I'm sure of. There is no fear, Deare Anna, I ashure you. Oh! I felt so bad arter I et them peeches, an clams to Coney Island. Did you? An will you set by the Winder, with the bline harf shut, whitch I will no if you are in by it. Ill cum at 8. If I cen get off from the Stoare, and Doant pleas, hav enny loddie there but me, as I hav lots to tell you of. I doant think mutch of Sis Barker she's fooling round 2 fellers, and dosn't Kare too sents for eether.

Now be shure to be to the Winder.

and I am your affekshunet Laver,
HARRY.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Bohemia's provincial government has given the Landes theatre manager three thousand florins to compensate for his severe loss by unfavorable surroundings there, i. e., Prussian troops.

Adelina Patti left Gye's opera and London, July 30th, for Homburg, to sing in a concert at the Kursal. Maurice Strakosch could not arrange operatic performances for Adelina in Vienna as war engrossed all interest there and music, except military, attracted very slight notice.

The London *Musical World's* correspondence from that besieged city, prefaces comment upon musical doings there with dismal notes about war's disturbing influence, and then remarks that Herr Zottmayer, from Prague's theatre, appeared in Gounod's "Faust," not to gain a permanent engagement, but in star fashion, and sang with an exceedingly modest voice, while his acting reminded one of provincial education.

His respectable performance gained some applause, with a recall after that opera closed.

Mlle. Dustmann is described as fat, fair, and forty—an exceedingly amiable Gretchen—while Herr Mierhofer begins to make a very good Mephisto, which is not astonishing, for he is a very clever artist, and any one, who nowadays, when he has so many models before him, is not capable of catching the diabolical, element or in fact of playing the very devil, would most decidedly not possess the slightest qualification for playing a brilliant part anywhere.

Mlle. Benza as Siebel, screamed at the poor little flowers in about the same fashion that an energetic corporal would roar at his men to make them fall in. The house was but moderately attended.

The Conservatoire examinations were progressing with extremely gratifying results.

Mecklenburgh has inaugurated a new concert hall, which is described by that journal's correspondence as a fine building well adapted to its purpose, simply but tastefully decorated, lit with gas, accommodates some 1400 persons, is located near the Wallgarten close to shady green foliage and beautiful flowers beside a nice Restaurateur. Visitors to its inauguration ceremony were greeted at the railway station with music, cheering, firing small mortars, welcomed by Herr Jantzen, a cathedral dignitary, then put into rehearsal work, or to recreation in the Erbgroosherzog and Wallgarten. The force assembled to perform on that occasion numbered 273 vocalists and 85 instrumentalists. "St. Paul" created a profound sensation at the first concert that oratorio having been introduced to Meeklenburgh by Mendelssohn himself, and the performance being highly creditable to all concerned for a performance after but one rehearsal. Messrs. Gunz and Hill, Mlle. Hausen and Mlle. Roske-Lundh, were much applauded in the solos. The orchestra had special honor at the second Concert for Schumann's B flat major Symphony the grand Leonore overture, magnificently executed. Hiller's "Hymn to Night" went off well, and he got an ovation as conductor thereof; nose-gays, flowers, vociferous cheers, applause, recalls, &c., attesting his enthusiastic regard there.

After "The Creation"—third part—was performed the Grand Duke honored the soloists with personal notice, and the ladies with valuable bracelets, to attest his great satisfaction with their performance. The last concert had more auditors because it included F. Hiller's performance of Mozart's concerto in D minor, and interesting selections of popular music.

A grand banquet, in which 300 or 400 persons assisted, toasted and speechified—F. Hiller being distinguished for his speeches; and proving that he is equally gifted in oratory as in composition of music and writing graceful and elegant essays—also took place, and because foul weather prevented the proposed illumination of the ramparts, a grand ball came off in the new Concert Hall, in which F. Hiller took his turn at playing accompaniment.

Ullmann announces that his grand project of a Popular Concert series next winter at Vienna, is defeated by Prussian interference with Austrian supremacy in Allemania, and his engagement with Carlotta Patti, which runs for a year to come, must be worked out in France, but he does not state who are to assist her in that work.

The *Musical World* says Mr. Bateman has already engaged, beside Parepa, the following artists, Farranti, a very popular buffo, Levy the cornet player—who is also engaged for Mellon's promenade concerts at Covent Garden—Rosa, Signor Ferranti, a basso baritone, Brignoli, and J. L. Hutton as conductor and accompanist. Further arrangements yet remain to be promulgated.

The concerts in Steinway's Hall will be continued on a scale of the greatest attraction—without interruption—till the spring.